

# THE GUY R

Saturday, September 9, 1871.



"Soon the little group formed as charming a picture as could well be seen"—p. 772.

## TRIED.

BY F. M. F. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "A STORY OF VIONVILLE."

### CHAPTER XLVIII.

IT was well for May Bathurst that she was so ill and worn out during the days which intervened between Irene's death and funeral, as to be quite confined to her bed. She was thus spared the sight of Sydney Leigh's despairing paroxysms of grief, for which no one could offer any consolation, as in his opinion the loss he had sustained was final. To his miserable belief, death was but a black, inexorable

mystery, which had engulfed his life's fair treasure, and never more would yield her up for all his passionate entreaties. He could perceive no ray of light behind that dark, impenetrable veil; no breath came to him from the odorous airs of paradise; no gleam reflected from the golden city hovered round the cruel grave;—only for her there was decay and gloom; for him, bitterest regret and desolation. Is there, in truth, on earth a sadder spectacle than that of one who, without hope, sorrows for the beloved dead?

Fleming remained with Leigh as much as possible during those mournful days, but he could do nothing for him. Human sympathy is utterly powerless beside the tomb, which faith fails to recognise as the portal of immortality.

On the evening of the day following that which had seen the grave close over sweet Irene Leigh, Fleming had been sitting for some time with Sydney, who was sunk in a sort of apathetic despair, out of which it seemed impossible to rouse him. At last the doctor asked him abruptly what were his plans for the future.

"I have none, except that I must go away from here and avoid the sight of anything connected with my one year's happiness. It is unendurable to me to see the rooms where she used to move about in her loveliness, or even a flower or a book she has touched. I shall get rid of this house with all it contains."

"And your child? what arrangement do you mean to make for it?"

A spasm of pain contracted Sydney's face. "Poor unfortunate little thing! I last saw it in her arms. What can I do for it? I suppose the woman in whose care it is must continue to take charge of it. I cannot have it with me; I shall go abroad."

"She is totally unfit to have the management of it after it has passed the first few weeks of infancy. I engaged her as nurse myself only for a month or two, and while I could to a certain extent superintend her proceedings."

"Then I do not know what is to become of it," said Sydney, wearily. "It were well, perhaps, if it were laid to rest with its mother."

This conversation Dr. Fleming reported to May when he went in to see her that same evening. She was sitting up, though looking very ill and weak, and told him that she was making her arrangements for returning to Combe Bathurst next day. Her eyes filled with tears when she heard of Sydney's despairing speeches, but she made no remark, perhaps because she could not control herself sufficiently to speak, and Fleming did not remain with her long, as he saw that she was really unequal to any agitating conversation.

On the following morning Sydney Leigh was sitting in one of the rooms which had been least often occupied by Irene. He was leaning back in an

easy chair, with his hand over his eyes, as if the very light of day were hateful to him, when his attention was attracted by the sound of a gentle footfall slowly drawing near and pausing at his side. He looked up and saw May Bathurst standing before him with a wan, sorrowful face, and holding in her arms his little child, whose white robes stood out in strong relief against her deep black dress. Before he could rise up she spoke to him in a voice sweet and low, and with a pathetic cadence which was very touching. "Sydney, will you give me this dear child to take care of for you? will you let me take her home to be always near me, till you are able to have her with you once again?"

"That might not be for years, dear May."

"Then for years I shall be thankful to have her, if I may; I will do all I can for her."

"I know that well indeed; and it would be the most inestimable boon to the poor motherless child, if I might thus give her to you; but surely I have no right to burden you with such a charge, young as you are. The hopes and joys of life are still possible for you. You may form ties of your own, which would render the care of this little stranger orphan perplexing and unsuitable, and cause you in the future to repent of your present impulse of generosity."

May shook her head with a look of pain, and seemed about to make an eager answer, but she checked herself and only said, "Have you no other objection, but this hesitation on my account?"

"None, indeed; how could I? my utmost desires for this poor child would be fulfilled if you had her in your care."

"Then let us consider it settled," answered May, stooping to kiss the little fair face of the sleeping infant, as if thereby to seal her new obligations towards it. "I will watch over this dear child with all my power, till you claim her from me again, be it when it may."

For a moment Sydney did not speak; then he said, softly, "If there are good angels, May, I think you must be one of them; you have given me the first gleam of comfort I have known since the dreadful day when she—" He could not go on, but turned his head away to hide his emotion.

May stood beside him for a moment, struggling with the wild impulse to fling herself down on her knees by his side and beseech him to be comforted; but with a strong effort of self-control she said merely, "I must leave you now, for I am going to Combe Bathurst by the next train; I will take Chione with me, and I thank you with all my heart for giving her to me."

She held out her hand, and he clasped it in his own for a moment, but did not speak; then slowly May turned and prepared to leave the room, but she lingered, hesitated, and at last moving back an instant, she said, in her low soft voice, "Do not

mourn too hopelessly, dear Sydney; all is not lost when visible life is gone. What would become of any one of us if the joys of earth were all? But the eternal future is not less true or real, because you cannot believe in it. Even the barren philosophy of men must know that all this human race could not have started into being, only to grasp the mocking shadows of this incomplete existence for a few short years, and then sink back to endless night. There is an undying light behind the veil, and one day it will burst forth in its glorious truth for you, and she will smile upon you from the midst of it."

Then, before he could answer, she gathered the infant closer in her arms and passed from the room.

#### CHAPTER XLIX.

NEARLY three years had passed away since beautiful Irene Leigh had gone down in her youth and loveliness to the silent grave, and during the whole of that time her husband had never returned to England, or given the slightest token of his existence to May Bathurst, out of whose life he seemed to have disappeared completely. She knew that within a fortnight after his wife's death he had embarked in a vessel bound for South America, and about two years later she heard from Dr. Fleming that a friend of his had seen him at Rome, but this was all she knew of the man whose little child was in her arms all day long, and still more closely in her heart, by the deep love she bore to the motherless infant.

These years had passed calmly, and to a certain extent happily for May Bathurst. She had lived in complete retirement in her country home, occupied exclusively in labouring for the welfare of her tenantry, and in the devoted care she bestowed on her adopted children, Harry Bathurst and Chione Leigh. The boy's father had with much gratitude acceded to her request that she should take charge of him till his education was finished, and if he then turned out satisfactorily it was understood between them that he was to be recognised as her heir, and that Combe Bathurst was to be his ultimate home. As yet he seemed likely to prove everything she could wish. He was a fine-looking boy, a thorough gentleman in manners and principles, high-spirited and affectionate, and with a bold, straightforward disposition, which could easily be trained to all that was good and honourable. May sent him to a public school by the advice of Mr. Wilbraham and Dr. Fleming, but his vacations were always spent at Combe Bathurst, and he had learned to love her with all his heart, while little Chione was his pet and his plaything, whom he always treated, however, with the utmost gentleness and care.

She was a fragile child, inheriting all her mother's sweetness of disposition, and still more her exquisite loveliness, but she had the dark eyes of her father,

and often thrilled poor May's very soul with the tender expressive glances, which recalled so vividly that brief sweet summer of her life when her belief in Sydney's love filled all the world with sunshine. Chione, young as she was, almost worshipped her adopted mother with a passionate ardour, which showed that the Southern blood had been transmitted to her, and the deepest interests of May's life were altogether centred in this little one.

Mrs. Denton had become a great invalid, not because her health was in the smallest degree affected, but because, having nothing particular to do in the world, and having lost even the mild excitement of Rebecca's petty tyranny, she established an amusement and occupation for herself in a list of fanciful nervous maladies, which kept her very pleasantly employed all day long. She found it quite easy to believe that her excellent appetite was an unnatural craving, and her healthy colour a hectic flush, and gradually she came to find the society of her maid, who humoured all her fancies, more congenial than that of Miss Bathurst, who could not pretend to be very uneasy at symptoms which she knew to be purely imaginary.

Thus May's life was entirely solitary, excepting in so far as the companionship of the children could avail her, and she occupied herself so constantly and actively, as to leave but little time for selfish reflection. Yet still through all her busiest hours, as well as during those when she was perforce alone, she was never able to still the ceaseless aching of her heart at the thought of Sydney Leigh wandering, forlorn and desolate, through the world, where no more he could find his sweet Irene, far or near. The undying recollection of his beautiful face, as she had seen it last, dark with a hopeless sorrow, haunted her wherever she went. In the chill winter days, when the blasts shrieked round the old turrets of her home, she thought with an anguish of pity of the dreariness that must be all around him and within his own sad spirit, and when the fair summer days lit up her fields with golden sunshine, she turned away, thinking how he must gaze on sunny landscapes, sick at heart, because of her on whom the light of day would shine no more.

May struggled hard to repress these mournful thoughts, and in the midst of all her active duties she never allowed them to influence her in the least; but often she would start from her troubled sleep to find her eyes wet with unconscious tears, and the name of Sydney, which scarce ever passed her lips in her waking hours, bursting from them in a yearning cry.

Yet, despite this deep undercurrent of passionate feeling, May's life was sweet and peaceful; it had no special brightness from the joys of this world, but she knew that behind the earth-clouds heaven's own light was shining, and that if now it were like a calm grey autumn day, pathetically dim and still,

yet at the last it might sink into that golden sunset of the mortal existence, which is in truth the dawn of its eternal day.

So placid and uneventful was now, in truth, the course of her days that she often thought with a gentle smile of the preacher's augury, that she would yet be tried for the third time with fiercer fires of temptation than those which had blazed over her early youth, and she quietly remained satisfied with the conviction that in this at least he would prove a mistaken prophet, though in all else so wise and true.

The time of Nature's sweetest festival had come, when under glowing suns the new-mown hay lies basking in fragrant heaps, and young and old give up their hours to the transient pleasant labour, and toss the long grass to and fro while it falls beneath the scythe; and at Combe Bathurst, too, the merry haymakers were all at work.

Harry Bathurst was at home for the vacation, and he had persuaded May to give herself a holiday, and spend the whole day with himself and Chione in the hayfield, which to both the children was a very paradise of delights. She had willingly agreed, for her greatest pleasure was to see the children happy, and she completed their satisfaction by promising that they should have fruit and cakes brought out to them in the field, so that they need not go home even for their tea.

They had been enjoying themselves to their hearts' content for some hours, while May sat reading in the shade, only looking up occasionally to smile at little Chione, who would clap her hands and shriek with delight, when she saw Harry's bright face re-appearing from under the heaps of hay in which she tried to bury him; but at last the little one grew tired of running about and chasing her playfellow, and then Harry made what he called a hay-throne for her, and placed her on the top of it, while he crowned her sunny curls with a wreath of wild roses, and said he should bring his queen some strawberries for a banquet.

Soon the little group formed as charming a picture as could well be seen. The lovely child, with her white frock and her crown of flowers, was the central object, and May, half sitting, half kneeling on the hay, had her arms round her to prevent her falling, while Harry, from a leaf full of ripe fruit, filled the rosy little mouth that always thanked him with a kiss.

May's hat had fallen back, and her brown hair, loosened by Harry's rough play, streamed over her shoulders, while her face was bright with smiles and with the vivid colour which exercise had brought into her cheeks. And there was one who, all unseen by them, stood gazing on this fair sight, with strange emotions stirring in his breast, and a sense of longing hitherto unknown, impelling him towards the beautiful child that seemed to reign indeed in the hearts of those who were calling her their queen. The spectator was a tall dark man with a face of

splendid beauty, bronzed by tropical suns, and saddened by sorrows past yet not forgotten. With what eager interest he scanned the features of those who were so unconscious of his presence—one face only was known to him of those before him, and that looked fairer and younger, strange to say, for the lapse of years.

At last, moving from his motionless attitude, he emerged from the shadow of the tree beneath whose branches he had stood, and advanced towards the group. May and Harry were both looking away from him, but little Chione was so placed as to see him instantly, and in a fit of childish shyness at the sight of a stranger, she hid her charming face upon her guardian's shoulder. Then May turned round, wondering what had startled the child, and her eyes fell upon the living, breathing form of him whose image had been with her day and night, in waking thoughts and restless dreams, since last they met with the shadow of death around them.

A stifled exclamation burst from her lips. "Sydney! is it possible?"

She half rose, but her trembling limbs would not sustain her, and she fell back upon the hay, while a sudden paleness drove the colour from her cheeks.

"Yes, Sydney himself, dear May, come to thank you for all your goodness," he said, taking her hand. Then seeing how much she was agitated, he went on rapidly, to give her time to recover herself: "I ought not to have taken you so by surprise, but I arrived in England only yesterday, and when I reached London, it seemed such a desert to me that I was thankful to remember I had some ties here to which I could lay claim, and I came down at once to see you and my child. Stevens told me where you were when I got to your house, and I ventured to come straight here to find you."

This long explanation had quite given May time to regain her composure, and she now looked up calmly, and told him she was delighted to see him.

"But do tell me," he said, looking eagerly towards the child, "can it be possible that this lovely little fairy is really the poor fragile infant I left in your care?"

"Yes, indeed," exclaimed May, "it is your own little Chione, the most precious darling in the world. Lift up your head, my pet, and let papa see your face."

"Papa!" said Sydney, "I fear that name can have no meaning for the child who has never seen me."

"Do you think so?" said May, smiling brightly; "you shall see. Chione! whose dear little girl are you?"

"Papa's!" exclaimed the child, clapping her hands with delight, as she knew that the repetition of this her daily lesson would be sure to bring her some special reward.

"And who does Chione love best in all the world?" continued May.

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"Papa! papa!" again shouted the little one, in her sweet infantine voice, and Sydney turned with genuine emotion to May.

"I do not know how to thank you," he said; "this is so much more than I could ever have hoped."

"I am so glad that you find her well and happy," answered May. "She is delicate, but perfectly healthy, and so good and sweet. I hope she will grow up to be a great treasure to you."

"Make her like yourself," said Sydney, in a low voice. "I shall never remove her from your care, as long as you will keep her."

"And I shall certainly never wish to part with her," said May, caressing the little head that still nestled on her shoulder. "But will you come to the house, Sydney? You must be tired and hungry after

your journey, and you have a great deal to go through when you are rested," she added playfully; "for you must tell me where you have been this long time, and what you have done and seen in the course of your wanderings."

"I have been painting in Rome for the last year," said Sydney, "and I have brought you my best picture. But we shall have plenty of time to talk of all those matters. I must carry my darling home myself," he added, taking Chione in his arms, an arrangement to which she submitted somewhat unwillingly, and only on the condition that May should hold one of her little hands all the way to the house. And so, through the sunlit fields, May Bathurst walked towards her home with Sydney Leigh by her side once more. (To be continued.)

## SHORT PAPERS ON SHORT TEXTS.

BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A., VICAR OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S, HIGHBURY.

### "NOT THIS MAN, BUT BARABBAS."



HE Bible has a habit of calling things and persons by their right names; and so, this man Barabbas goes down to posterity branded with the stamp of the robber and the murderer. To his

contemporaries, no doubt, he appeared in a very different light. In their estimation, he was the great hero of the day—the valiant man, who had dared to raise up the standard of revolt against the hated Romans. And it is obvious that he carried with him the sympathy, not only of the populace, but also of the intellectual and spiritual aristocracy of the nation; for the chief priests and rulers, we read, persuaded the multitude that they should ask Barabbas, and destroy Jesus.

The word Barabbas, of course, means "son of the father." It is said by the present Archbishop of Dublin that we are justified in supposing, though not, perhaps, in dogmatically asserting, that the man's name was also *Jesus*; and that Pilate's question ought to be read thus: "Whom will ye that I release unto you—Jesus Barabbas, or Jesus which is called Christ?" If so, the coincidence is somewhat singular, though, perhaps, we cannot say that it is of any very great importance. But, whether this view be correct or not, thus much, at least, seems certain, that the two men—for such they both appeared to be—the two men between whom the people had to make their election were the representatives and embodiments of two different methods—the one of man's method, the other of God's method, of establishing the Divine kingdom upon earth.

Barabbas (if we read him aright) had originally considerable nobleness of character: he had something of the spirit of the ancient Maccabees about

him, and, it may be, some ambition to follow their steps. He writhed, as any noble-minded patriot must have done, under the pressure of the Roman yoke. It seemed to him an intolerable thing that his country, once free, should now be enslaved; once respected and feared, should now be a proverb and a byword amongst the nations. It seemed to him a more intolerable thing still that a people who laid claim, on no slight and insufficient grounds, to the especial favour of Jehovah, Lord of heaven and earth, should be trampled under the feet of worshippers of wood and stone. The whole system of things, therefore, in the midst of which he found himself was thoroughly disorganised. It was not a kingdom of God which was established in Judea, but a kingdom of the devil; and he, Barabbas, must endeavour to right matters. And, so far as one man's strength would go, he would do so. He would not sit down tamely, nor allow such evils to go on unopposed and unprotested against, but would rouse himself up to a vigorous and persistent resistance.

Now, so far, we can sympathise with Barabbas. Doubtless, the state of things was one not to be acquiesced in. Doubtless, it was not the Divine intention that God's own chosen people should be reduced to such an oppressed and humiliating condition. Something was wrong, unquestionably. And, therefore, it was the duty of every one who loved his country and honoured his God to do what in him lay to set matters right. But Barabbas failed to see that the root of the mischief was to be found in that pervading sinfulness of the nation which brought after it, as the substance draws its shadow, political and social degradation; and, failing to see this, he misunder-

stood altogether the right remedy for the evil, the right method of establishing the kingdom of God. He sought, in the first instance, at least, that which was desirable and praiseworthy in the sight both of God and of man. But he sought the object mistakenly. He took a road which could not possibly bring him to the destination which he had in view. He hoped to establish the kingdom of heaven by force, by violence, by the use of carnal and not spiritual weapons. And there he lies, in a Roman dungeon, with Roman fetters on his limbs—a man whose enterprise has been crushed by a wordly force superior to his own!

Jesus "which is called Christ," took an opposite course. He, too, came for the same purpose which we believe Barabbas, in his dim, blundering, half-conscious way, to have had in view—the purpose of setting up the kingdom of truth, and righteousness, and order, and brotherly love upon the earth. But he drew his weapons from a different armoury. It was not by force that God's work was to be done; force, at the best, could only touch the mere surface of the mischief—but by going into and dealing first with that deep question of sin; and then, by patience and cross-bearing, by confronting the world's evil, not with equal evil, but with the Divine force of goodness and love.

And it was because he took this line that his own—to whom he came—received him not. Had Jesus been a greater Barabbas, he would have found favour in their eyes. But they rejected him simply because he would not consent to do as the other had done. And so there rises the cry, speaking—oh, how painfully!—of man's ignorance of his own truest and highest interests—"Not this man, but Barabbas!"

Now, supposing that the interpretation just mentioned is correct, let us draw from it one or two simple conclusions.

The whole circumstances of the case, as concerning Barabbas, seem to indicate the fact that those who seek to accomplish even a grand object in a wrong way, by wrong methods, inevitably suffer moral and spiritual deterioration. This Barabbas, if our view be correct, began with much excellence of motive, and with much true nobleness of character. It would be a great injustice to the man to regard him as a mere brigand, who chose a life of adventure and rapine, in preference to the quieter and honest pursuits which were open to him, in common with the rest of his countrymen. But the Nemesis of doing God's work wilfully, of entering upon a path of his own, when aiming at the establishment of the Divine kingdom, remorselessly pursued him; and he, who entered upon his career not altogether unheroically, closed it by being described, in the pitiless truthfulness of Holy Scripture, as "a robber and a murderer."

A somewhat similar fate awaits those who act in any way upon the principle that the end sanctifies the means. To some minds, and these not among the meanest or least powerful, a noble object casts such a blinding glare, when they fix their gaze upon it, that, being dazzled, they see not clearly the nature of the path by which they approach it; their moral perceptions become confused, and it appears, at least to them, that, if only they can contrive to reach the object of their desires, it matters little by what way they may happen to have come. Pious frauds, not confined, by any means, to any one section of the Christian community; physical persecution, in times gone by; spiritual persecution, in times more nearly approaching our own; breaches, sad and painful, of the great law of Christian charity; unfairness to opponents, exaggerated and bitter misrepresentations—all these things have commended themselves to persons distinguished by much intrinsic excellence of character, but persons so eager for results, so impatient of opposition, so little trusting in the Divine force of goodness and truth, in fact, so completely overwhelmed and absorbed by the overmastering force of one grand idea, that they have been willing to sacrifice anything upon its altar—to take any course of action, if only they might hope that thereby their idea might be realised. Them, too, a spiritual retribution overtakes. They suffer deterioration of a serious kind, by the mere fact of seeking a right object in a wrong way; by the mere fact of attempting to establish God's kingdom by means and methods which God has not sanctioned and approved.

And then, as regards the question between Barabbas and Jesus—it is perhaps too often found that the attempt to ameliorate the condition of the world by what we may call "worldly forces," to the exclusion of spiritual forces, leads to the practical rejection of the personal Christ. Every man who is worth anything, every man of any pretensions to thought and feeling, is dissatisfied with the system of things in which he finds himself placed. He cannot allow himself to acquiesce in it. He looks forward to the incoming of a better time, a better order, a nobler, brighter day, when these disorders which vex him shall be—at least most of them—rectified, and a new state of things shall be introduced. Some men may call this desire by one name, others by another. Religious men talk of "the establishment of a kingdom of God;" non-religious men talk of something else; but all alike mean something of the same kind. And, besides desiring the dawning of this better day, they feel themselves called upon, in some practical way or other, to help it forward and hasten it.

Now, towards the establishment of this better state of things a man may use what we may call

"worldly forces," such as education; or a better understood or more correctly applied science; or advancement in true political knowledge and enlightenment; or, on the other hand, he may use spiritual forces—the spread of the true knowledge of self and of God in Jesus Christ. Let us not be understood to mean that the employment of these "worldly forces" (if we may venture to call them so) is for a moment to be deprecated. But we do say unhesitatingly that when men, with whatever nobleness of character, and excellence of intention, and power of genius, and weight of learning, put the "worldly force" out of its place, and ignore the "spiritual force," expect and attempt to regenerate human society, to heal its sores, to cure its divisions, to bring together the edges of its gaping wounds, without first being willing to recognise, and to go into, and to deal with the deep question of sin, and its cure, they are falling into precisely the error into which the Jewish people and its representatives fell; and they are preparing themselves, unconsciously, but still preparing themselves, to reject the person and the pretensions of the Lord Jesus Christ. According to Christ, it is not by outward alleviations that his kingdom, for which we all long, is to come,

but by recognising manfully the facts of sinful humanity, and by working upon the lines which, not man's wisdom, but God's wisdom has seen fit to lay down.

And what application has the subject to ourselves? Just this: we are all of us tempted all along our path in life, but especially perhaps at the outset, to prefer some human system to Christ. The glare, the showiness, the pretensions of human arrangements, seem better and more trustworthy, as they certainly are more attractive, than that dull, grey, stony, upward path, marked by the dints of the Cross, and by the bloodstained footsteps of Jesus "which is called Christ." Let us be on our guard, then. Let us *begin* with Christ. Let us go with him into that deep question of our personal sin, and grapple with it, and settle it. Then, for our work in the world, let us take his way and labour upon his lines, in spite, it may be, of opposition and ridicule. So shall we be labourers for the kingdom that shall not need to be ashamed when the day of testing comes, which is to manifest every man's doing for what it is worth—which is to bring to light whether it has been work for time only, or work for eternity also.

## DAYS IN THE HOLY LAND.

### CHAPTER IX.—BETHSAIDA AND CAPERNAUM.

BY THE REV. F. W. FARRAR, M.A., F.R.S., MASTER OF MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE, AND HON. CHAPLAIN TO THE QUEEN.



WE are riding along the little green triangular plain, known by the Arabs as *El Ghuweir*, or the Little Hollow, and known to all Christian hearts for ever as "the land of Gennesareth" (Matt. xiv. 34; Luke v. 1). On the left-hand side, as we ride towards the northern end of the lake, is a thick jungle of *nûbk*, the traditional tree of the crown of thorns, and beyond it the little plain is enclosed by a boundary of hills. On the right-hand side is the graceful fringe of oleanders in full blossom, and on the other side of this exquisite barrier of green leaves and delicate pink blossoms lies the limpid, sparkling lake, stretching to the hills upon its further shore a sheet of liquid silver unbroken by a single boat or sail, and unrippled, except by the sudden plunge of some impetuous kingfisher, or the immaculate plumage of some pelican or grebe. It is early spring, but to realise the scene which met our eyes, the reader must imagine a summer day in England of surpassing warmth and brilliancy; a green expanse of fields rich with the luxuriance of tropical vegetation; a solitude almost unbroken by the presence of human beings, and a silence only disturbed by

the clamorous twittering of countless birds. At the northern limit of this plain the hills rise in a cliff from the lake to a height of about three hundred feet, and under them lies a large clear fountain, overshadowed by several umbrageous fig-trees: and a little to the west of it are the ruins of a large ancient khan. This is *Khan Minyeh*, a formidable competitor of *Tell Hûm* for the distinction of being the site of the ancient Capernaum.

All that we can learn from Scripture or from ancient writers about the position of Capernaum amounts to very little. The place is not mentioned in the Old Testament at all. In the Gospels it is indeed repeatedly mentioned, as being the city which more than all others was identified with the scenes of Christ's earthly ministry; but no description of it is given, and all that we can know for certain about it is that it was at no great distance from Chorazin and Bethsaida, that it was in or near the Plain of Gennesareth, and that it was close beside the lake on its western margin. The only other noteworthy fact about it may be inferred from the life of the historian Josephus. In one place he tells us that having his wrist broken by the fall of his horse in

a skirmish at the northern end of the lake, he was carried to the village "Cepharnômê," and next day to the south of the lake. In another passage he gives a celebrated description of the plain, which I will translate:—

"There stretches along the Lake of Gennēsareth," he says, "a plain of the same name, marvellous for its capabilities and for its loveliness; for, on account of the richness of its soil, there is nothing which it refuses to produce, and those who cultivate it rear every species of plant. The delicious temperature of the air suits every variety of product. Thus even walnut-trees, that require especially a Northern climate, flourish there in multitudes; and palms, which are nourished by tropic heat, and near them fig-trees and olive-trees, the usual indication of a softer air. One might describe it as *an ambition of Nature, struggling to unite in one body her warlike forces, or an admirable competition of seasons*, each, as it were, putting in its claim for the possession of the region. For, in truth, it not only nourishes the different species of fruit in a surprising manner, but maintains their vigour unimpaired. Even the most regal of fruits—grapes and figs—it supplies for ten months in uninterrupted succession, and all other fruits besides, which grow old around them during the whole year; for, in addition to the sweetness of the air, *the plain is also irrigated by a most fertilising fount, which the inhabitants call Kapharnaum*. Some consider it to be an offshoot of the Nile (!), since it produces a fish closely resembling the *Coracinus*, which is found in the lake near Alexandria."

Now, the fact that in one of these passages Josephus uses the name "Kephernômê," and in the other "Kapharnaum," seems to show either that he is not very accurate, or that he was not so intimately acquainted with the minutiae of the district as we might have anticipated, from the part which he played in it. But we must certainly attach some importance to his connection of the name Capernaum with a rich and important stream. And in this respect *Khan Minyeh* answers better to Capernaum than any other spot. Very near it is the *Ain et Tin*, or "Fountain of the Fig-tree," which, till a few years ago, was overhung by one old and ancient fig. The large tree has now fallen, but it has left several smaller descendants, which, from their roots in the crag, continue to look down into the quiet water, which their dense leaves keep cool. The stream that descends from *Ain et Tin* to the lake is indeed very short in its course; but Josephus may possibly have alluded either to one of the other streams which water the plain at no great distance, or to the great Roman aqueduct which is cut deep in the rock above the Fig-tree Fount, and which conveyed to the town that once occupied the site of *Khan Minyeh* the waters that

flow down from the hills in great abundance, a mile or two further on along the lake.

The large ruined khan which gives its name to this site was, no doubt, built for the convenience of the numberless travellers who passed along this route in the great caravan journey between Egypt and Damascus. The ruin presents no special features of interest, and all around it lie only the grey mounded heaps that tell of a site once inhabited, but of which every other material trace has disappeared. If *Khan Minyeh* be indeed the ancient Capernaum, then in the total disappearance of its name, in the utter obliteration of its existence, we see a striking fulfilment of that pathetic yet terrible prophecy of our Lord, "And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be thrust down to hell: for if the mighty works which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day."

The present road along the lake-side up the cliff which rises over the Fountain of the Fig is cut in the solid rock. This has usually been mistaken for the old Roman road; but it never seems to have struck any one as singular that the Romans should cut a road deep in the solid rock, without any necessity for so laborious a proceeding. Captain Wilson, of the Palestine Exploration Fund, was the first to discover that this cutting was not a road at all, but a portion of the old aqueduct, the remains of which are still traceable all the way from *Khan Minyeh* to *Ain Tabighah*, and which—as we have already mentioned—once conveyed a stream of water to irrigate the plain.

Half-an-hour's rapid ride on the unwonted luxury of a level road brought us to *Ain Tabighah*, the almost undoubted site of the ancient Bethsaida. The name means "the House of Fish;" and the word *saida* is also found in the name *Sidon*. The little bay is sheltered by the rising ground behind; and the bright, hard beach of sparkling white sand once, almost beyond a doubt, bore the print of the feet of Jesus, when, "walking by the Sea of Galilee," he saw those two brothers, Simon and Andrew, casting a net into the sea; and afterwards two other brethren, James and John, in a ship with Zebedee, their father, mending their nets (Matt. iv. 18—22). For these great apostles all came from this little village, and, like true Orientals, seem always to have conducted their fishing in its neighbourhood, scarcely out of sight of their own homes; and, now as then, it is pre-eminently a *House of Fish*, and some of the Bedawin may generally be seen there still plying their rude and lazy modes of fishery. For some of the numerous streams that at this place flow into the lake are warm, and this attracts the insects, and the insects attract the fish, and the fish attract the water-fowl; so that the scene here is, and must always have been, a lively and pleasant one. There are scarcely any





(Drawn by M. RALSTON.)

"While payers of toll passed hither and fro,  
The old blind reader sate with his book"—p. 779.

ruins here, but there is a mill, and a circular wall enclosing a fountain, known—apparently for no reason whatever—by the name of “Job.” There is nothing external to make the traveller linger—nothing but his memory that here He who “spread the fishermen’s net over the Sidonian palaces, gave into the fisher’s hand the keys of the kingdom of heaven!” “Woe unto thee, Bethsaida,” said the lips of Love: woe, though here sported together as children, on the white strand and in the crystal waves, the brothers, of whom one was the earliest martyr among the apostles, and the other their last survivor; the brothers also of whom one was among the very earliest to recognise in Jesus of Nazareth the Messiah of prophecy, and the other to recognise in the Messiah of prophecy the Son of God. And there walked the Son of God himself, when he called, to be “fishers of men,” the beloved disciple to whom was granted, long years afterwards, the vision of the Apocalypse, and the fervid martyr to whom was accorded the first great harvest of regenerated souls.

An hour’s ride from Ain et Tabighah brought us to Tell Hûm. Tell Hûm must almost to a certainty be either Chorazin or Capernaum. In spite of there being no fountain there, its name and position accord well with the supposition that this, and not Khan Minyeh, is the true Capernaum. The names indeed may be said to be identical, for Hûm is a natural corruption of Nahum; and Tell (which means a ruined mound) would naturally be substituted for *Capban*, or “village,” when the place fell into decay. The position too, on a cliff rising almost sheer from the lake, must always have made it conspicuous, and may be conceivably alluded to in the description, “Thou, Capernaum, which art exalted to heaven.” Once, again, the extensiveness of the ruins in this place shows how important a site it must have been—the most important, apparently, along the entire shore, except the new city of Tiberias, which, as I have already remarked, our Lord in all probability never entered. The supposition that here, amid the dense weeds and thistles that grow so rankly over these shattered fragments, we are standing on the dust of *Chorazin*, rather than that of Capernaum, is rendered less likely, not only because of the name Tell Hûm, but also because a ruin named *Keraseh* (a most probable corruption of Chorazin) has been discovered a little farther inland to the north. Two further arguments leave in my own mind a very strong conviction that Tell Hûm is indeed the ancient Capernaum. One is that when Josephus was suffering pain and prostration from the fall of his horse which we have mentioned, he was taken to *Capernaum*. Now, if Tell Hûm be Capernaum, it was the *nearest* place to which he could have been taken. Why should the soldiers who were carrying him, and caring for him, convey him, for no obvious

reason, *past this place, and past Bethsaida*, to leave him at a place so much more distant, as Khan Minyeh is from the scene of his accident? The other argument is that here, and here alone, considerable traces of fragments of ruin are clearly discernible, and here alone are the *ruins of a synagogue*—a building which, as we know, formed a conspicuous feature in the ancient Capernaum.

Scattered around us on every side upon the desolate neglected soil are the white marble fragments of lintels and columns, of cornice and frieze and capital. Parts of the walls of one building of white marble are still remaining; the outlines of the ground plan of another, with its double row of seven columns, may be clearly traced amid the masses of débris. Both these buildings may have been and probably were *synagogues*, in spite of the fact that the entrance apparently faced the south, which was unusual in *synagogues*. Both betray the ornate style, the Greek ornaments, the sumptuous materials, the Corinthian order, which marked the ambitious architecture of the Herodian age. The *synagogue* of Capernaum was, as we know, built for the Jews by a Roman centurion of rank who wished to do them a service, and these are exactly the kind of structures which such a benefactor would have been likely to have erected in such an age.

Although, then, we cannot be sure, it is yet extremely probable that we are now standing on the spot where once stood the beautiful town which is so identified with our Lord’s ministry as to be called “his own city;”—the town where, among many other miracles, he healed the centurion’s servant with a word and raised the daughter of Jairus from the dead;—the town where Matthew was called from the receipt of custom, and where, in the bright waves which must have washed its very walls, Peter at his Master’s bidding, found the stater (*στράτη*) in the fish’s mouth. And if so, then one of these very buildings must have been the very *synagogue* whose walls of white marble rang with his denunciation of Pharisaic hypocrisy, and murmured with the gracious words which taught to mankind for ever the lessons of humility, forbearance, and brotherly love (Matt. xv., John vi., Mark ix.). And, therefore, when we touch these walls it may be that, as far as regards all material relics, we are nearer to our Lord than in any other spot. But it is not the *place* which retains any real sanctity; it is not by touching the stones of the buildings wherein he worshipped, and by gazing on the waves which once rocked his boat in their sparkling ripples, that we can get really near to him. It is by keeping his commandments; it is by following his steps; it is by steadfastly gazing on his example, and so being changed into the same image from glory to glory. Tell Hûm may be the ancient

Capernaum, but it is clear that it was never meant to be thereby kept in everlasting remembrance. Avoided ever by the wandering Bedawin—desolate with an irretrievable desolation—scattered with the broken relics of its departed loveliness—covered with forests of rank thistle and tangled *nibbi*, its very name wrapped in complete uncertainty, it has indeed yielded its silent confirmation to our Lord's prophecy of doom.

Under the finely-bevelled stones and sculptured architecture of the smaller synagogue, which crowns the cliff nearest to the lake, Achmet spread our carpet, and while he was preparing for our lunch, we clambered down to the water-side, and enjoyed one of the most delicious bathes which it is possible to conceive. The burning heat of the day, the crystal clearness and delicious cold of the water, the picturesque loneliness, the lovely scenery—even the sense that we were swimming in the blue waves of Galilee, all combined to exhilarate and refresh us after our splendid and interesting ride. As the traveller wades in and out (for the water at the edge is not sufficiently deep for a plunge), he must be careful not to break his legs or sprain his ankles among the huge submerged masses of marble, which once glistened in the buildings of the famous town.

After having dressed and eaten our lunch we mounted, and rode up an almost interminable ascent to the *Khan Jubb Yusef*, the traditional scene of Joseph's sale to the Ishmaelite merchants, and of his being let down by his brethren into the well. Here we fell in with a large party of mounted Bedawin, careering about on their matchless

horses. So far from being troublesome, they saluted us with the utmost goodwill, as we stopped to catch one last, lingering, reluctant look of the peaceful and holy lake. From thence up a steep mountain road we slowly toiled to Safed, "the city set on a hill," where, that night, we pitched our tent in an ancient olive grove, under the ruins of the castle which crowns the summit of the hill. After midnight a tremendous thunderstorm came on, accompanied with a storm of wind so violent that it blew down our tents. Tired with our long day's ride, we were fast asleep when the crash of the tent-pole on the table where lay the remains of our late dinner on the previous evening, awoke us just in time to become aware that we were all three buried under the voluminous folds of our upturned tent. Struggling out of the débris, we emerged into a storm of drenching rain, and while Achmet and Abdallah and Mohammed and Mahmoud and Abu Zeit'un (the Father of Olives) and Khaleel and Hablâr—in fact, dragoman, Nubian waiter, Egyptian cook, and the whole set of Mukhariyeh—were struggling to upraise our fallen tent, with such frantic gesticulations and shoutings as are only possible to an excited Oriental, we had the delight of standing about in our night-shirts, drenched to the skin, and in the dim, doubtful light, watching the old olives swaying their branches in the gusts of wind, and the vivid lightning glaring in fierce flashes, which lighted up the spaces between the black and ancient trunks. In the midst of which strange scene I must bid my courteous readers a somewhat abrupt but very cordial farewell.

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#### THE BLIND READER ON WATERLOO BRIDGE.

**D**AY by day, midway of the bridge  
That spans the dusky river below—  
All one brown in furrow and ridge,—  
While payers of toll passed hither and fro;  
The old blind reader sate with his book,  
Large and ragged and thumb'd, on his knee,  
And finger'd out the dash and the hook  
That spake as loud as the lines you see;  
And thus the Reader above the river—  
"The word of the Lord endureth for ever."

Peasant and peer, they jostled and on;  
Vice and Innocence tangled robes;  
Ruminant walked the reverend don;  
Grave Mathematicus scored his globes;  
Tramp and loungee at lazy pace  
Rambled on with a mindless stare;  
But many and more with an eager face  
Whereon was writ some figure of care;  
While thus the Reader above the river:—  
"The word of the Lord endureth for ever."

And here, a man all haggard and hot  
With cruel reverse, takes breath of the Psalm;  
A glory falls on his lowlier lot,  
And over his heart a heaven-fair calm:  
And there, a woman with glittering eyes  
That glance and glare on the hearse below,  
Puts hand to heart, and shudders and sighs,  
And drops her veil that the tears may flow;  
As thus the Reader above the river:—  
"The word of the Lord endureth for ever."

O sightless reader, that speaketh of God  
To more than a million souls a year;  
To all that hither and thitherward plod,  
Yea, thou art the Lord's good minister!  
Behold, the bridge shall crumble and fall,  
The turbid river shall fail and dry;  
The dust of the million mingle all,  
Or ever the day of our God draw nigh:  
The bonds of the spheres shall shiver and sever,  
But thy word, Lord, shall endure for ever!

## THE TROUBLES OF CHATTY AND MOLLY.

## CHAPTER XVI.

**S**HE found Henton Street at last. The irrepressible was right as to its uncleanness—it was wonderfully dirty. A poor street, just at the back of the Edgware Road. A street, with poverty and misery and weariness written on every doorstep, and staring blankly out of the grim, dusty, uncurtained windows. It abounded in brokers' shops, that was its speciality—nearly every other house was an old furniture shop. It almost seemed as if all the people living in the upper storeys had been sold up, and their effects were to be disposed of in the lower, from the quantity of furniture displayed.

"What a dreary-looking street," said Chatty; "and all the shops are old furniture shops, excepting those which are boot shops, or greengrocers. This must be nineteen. Why, it's a furniture shop too! I wonder if it's the right house, and if so, why Molly came to it. Does Mrs. Walbrook live here?" she asked of a boy dusting some dingy chairs.

"Private door," he answered briskly. She went to the door indicated, which had been almost hidden by a square of shabby carpet exposed in front of it; there were three bells in a row.

"I'll try the bottom one first," she thought, and gave a pull. In a moment or two an untidy-looking woman in a dirty dress and dirtier apron appeared. "Mrs. Walbrook?" Chatty asked again.

"Second floor," said the woman, retreating. "Go straight up, and knock," she added.

She went slowly up the dirty staircase, noticing everything as she went, from the edges of the stairs, worn rough and splintery, to the greasy-looking grey mottled paper, with little corners torn off here and there, as if in wanton mischief, and the plaster standing out in clear white spots where it had been left bare. It was almost dark, yet she noticed it all, groping her way slowly up the sharp twisted stairs. There were some lodgers with many children in the first floor, and they were going to have tea as Chatty passed the open door. She looked in and saw all the cheerless scene at a glance—the children on the floor, the odd and broken teacups, and the worn-out-looking woman standing over the fire, teapot in hand, waiting for the kettle to boil. "How dreadful poverty is," she thought, as she reached the second floor, and knocked doubtfully.

"Come in," said a voice, and she entered and found Molly sitting propped up in an arm-chair by the fireplace, where the embers had sunk so low that they gave hardly any light or warmth. "Miss Chatty?" she said, without looking round; "oh, dear Miss Chatty, I thought you would never be here."

"I came as quickly as I could, Molly, and I did not

know you were like this"—for even Chatty could see that Death's hand was almost resting on her.

"No, miss, of course you didn't;" and she looked up and tried to speak cheerfully.

"Why didn't you send for me before, Molly?"

"I didn't like," she answered; "somehow, miss, I didn't want you to see that things had gone so badly."

Then they sat and talked for a long while, and Molly, all the time making excuses for Richard, told Chatty how moving from Camden Town had been a failure, and how gradually all his customers had fallen off, until at last he was obliged to work again as a journeyman, and latterly he had taken to drinking. "You see, miss," she said, "he was always fond of pleasuring, and that's what did it, and the pleasuring made him get careless over the work, and he took to drink, and lost the situation where the wages were pretty good, and then he got the one he has now, though it's only poor work, and he's not so steady, and doesn't keep to it as he did, so that he seldom earns more than ten shillings a week, and often not that, and it doesn't go far, and so a month ago we moved here."

"Oh, Molly! how cross things have gone. Is he kind to you?"

"Oh yes, miss, he's never said an unkind word—leastways when he's sober."

"But what has made you so ill?"

"Why, you see, miss, it's been the worry, and I have felt the cold so this year," and, shivering, she pulled the shawl on her shoulders closer round her, while Chatty noticed how thin it was; "and one thing and another," and she looked uneasy, "it's told on me so. It's consumption, the doctor says, but I shall be quite well now I have seen you, Miss Chatty. Now tell me all your news, about Captain George and them all." But Chatty, before she would talk or listen any longer, wanted to get all sorts of things for Molly. "No miss," she said, "thank you, there's nothing I want. There is a woman who lodges in the attics who will come in and get tea ready for Richard at five; and thank you, miss, there isn't anything that does me any good, and I would rather hear all about you." And so, having put on the few coals in the scuttle, Chatty sat down again, and told her all the little family details, about Maria, and everything down to George Baylis's letter.

"Ah, miss," said Molly, in her old words, "I always told you he cared for you more than the other. No, miss, it's only a pain," and she put her hand to her chest. "And you will be friends again with him, Miss Chatty. Only think how he's kept to you all these years, and only done you one wrong all the time."



"Molly, I always wanted to ask you why he went to Welling."

"It was before mother died, he went to see the old place, and then he went to Bexley, and talked to mother, and went in the summer-house where you used to eat fruit, and mother thought it was all on her account," and Molly looked up with one of her old bright looks.

Then the woman who attended to her domestic affairs entered to prepare Richard's tea, and Chatty departed, after promising to return the next day.

"Do you think she will get better?" she asked as the woman let her out.

"No, miss, the doctor says a day or two will end it."

"Oh, how dreadful!" she said chokingly. "I will return to-morrow," she added.

"If you wouldn't mind sitting with her till about six, I'd be thankful," said the woman, who looked fit for a sick-bed herself, "for I have to be out in the afternoon, and shouldn't like her to be left, and there's no one else. I shall be back at six."

"I will come," said Chatty. "Poor Molly," she thought, as she went homewards, and noticed the shop-windows, which were just beginning to put on their gayest appearance, "she will be gone before Christmas. It is a month off, and they say she won't live more than a few days."

Then she remembered that Mrs. Wayson had been ill. The weather was so severe that it affected every one, so she thought she would call on her way home and see how she was.

Mrs. Wayson was better, the servant informed her, but still confined to her bedroom. Mrs. Spink was at home, so perhaps Miss Deene would like to see her.

"Yes, I'll go up to her. She's in the drawing-room, I suppose," and still thinking of Molly, she went up-stairs, entered the room unannounced, and found herself face to face with Harold Greyson and her former examiner, Mrs. Day's sister. "Oh!" the thought flashed upon her, "that cold, hard woman is his wife!" She knew he had married an heiress, and had heard that her name was Newby; but as the name of Mrs. Day's sister had not transpired, Chatty had failed to recognise it.

There was an awkward pause for a moment. Chatty stood still just inside the door, blankly taking in the scene. Mrs. Spink was the first to recover herself.

"My dear Chatty!" she exclaimed, while the Greysons rose to go.

"I didn't know you had visitors," she answered coldly. "How do you do, Mrs. Spink?"

"Oh, Miss—Miss Deene. I remember," said her old tormentor, quietly looking her down.

"Yes," said Chatty, just as quietly, "Miss Deene." She never showed by word or sign that she knew Harold, till having shaken hands with Mrs. Spink, they both went. As they left the room, Harold

Greyson turned and looked back at her, and Chatty caught his eye and looked up sadly, almost yearningly, but not regretfully, in his face. "Good-bye!" she said simply, and her tone brought back to his memory the evening when she had met him, to tell him their engagement was discovered, and she had looked up at him then, so confident in his truth. "God bless you, Chatty," he said as he went out of the doorway.

She went to the window and watched them as they crossed the road and went up the street, the opening of which faced Mrs. Wayson's house. "I wonder if he loves her," she thought, as they turned the corner; and then she went away from the window, feeling that the page of her life's history on which his name was written was folded down never to be re-opened.

"Poor little Chatty!" said Mrs. Spink, half patronisingly, half pityingly, as she sat down on the sofa; "I am so sorry; I know you felt meeting him so much."

"No, I didn't," she answered proudly; "and I don't want any pity. I'm very glad everything has happened as it has. I think it is much better."

"Brave little girl," said the widow, stroking her hair as long ago Chatty remembered her stroking her dress; "she shouldn't try to deceive me, though, for I know it nearly broke her heart. We women know each other so well, don't we?"

"It would have quite broken my heart if I had married him," said Chatty, looking up and facing Mrs. Spink boldly till she almost flinched. "She"—she could not say "his wife"—"she does not love him enough to care for his faults. She has not feeling enough in her nature to be grieved by his selfishness, or to care whatever he may be; and it would have broken my heart if I had found myself married to a man—though I loved him with all my heart—whose word I could not trust, and on whose honour I could not rely. She will never care for him enough to find him out."

"Poor little Chatty," thought Greyson, as he went down the street with his wife; "I believe she was very fond of me. I don't suppose she'll ever marry; she looked rather well too. Blanche, how did you know that Miss Deene?" He did not say he had known her, and she had not noticed their mutual recognition. Harold Greyson was not in the habit of burdening his wife with his confidence, and she never evinced the smallest desire to possess it.

"Oh, she was one of the half-educated girls who wanted to be governess to Mary's children;" and she told him the story in a dry, sarcastic manner that grated on him when he remembered that it was told against the girl he had once intended to marry.

"After all," he thought, "I was very wise in getting out of that affair. It was rather artful of her not to tell me of the governess business, and I dare

say I should have been ashamed of her in society, especially as even Blanche pulls her to pieces. She had rather nice manners," he said aloud. "I should not have thought her such a little stupid as you say she is."

"I don't like her manners," she replied. "She's too abrupt, and I hate your gushing sort of people, who appear to have so much feeling in them."

"I wish you had a little more," he thought. "With all poor Chatty's faults, she was very loving

and womanly, and never a dull companion, her perceptions were acute on all points."

"Here we are at last," said his wife as they reached their house. "How tiresome it was the Bainbridges put us off. We shall have such a dull evening all alone."

"Yes," he answered; and he thought, "I wonder if Chatty would have thought it such a dull evening, 'all alone.'"

(To be continued.)

## "PINK AND GREEN, FIT FOR THE QUEEN."

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER I.

**H**AT is all very well; but did you ever wear a dress of pink and green? Little Hettie did, and she was no queen, but a little girl who had only one new frock in the summer; and very tired she grew of it before the summer was over, as you shall hear.

There were a number of brothers and sisters in the family, and as papa's purse was not large, mamma had some ado to contrive new dresses all round. The little ones were sometimes obliged to be content with the elder sister's things cut up for them; but in the spring time every one knew that mamma would manage "a real new dress all round," as the children used to say.

Excitement grew about that time. Many were the confidences as to the differing tastes in colour and pattern. Ethel was always for white, "because that's like the angels wear in heaven," she said; while Fred, our baby-boy, was for "blue," and nothing but "blue."

We were London children, and white was laid aside for us as soon as we could run, so Ethel had to sigh in vain for her white garments. She looked pretty enough in her blue frock, with her wavy flaxen hair falling on her shoulders. People used to notice our Ethel, though, whatever she wore. She was a queer child, with the most winsome ways, and a changeable face—grave and gay, shy and confiding, quiet and talkative. You never knew how you might find her. Some thought her too grave; but she could be the merriest of us all, and often her curious sayings amused us when she was staid and sober. No one need be dull who could get Ethel to talk. That was not always easy, but once in a talking mood, she would rattle on to any one, old or young, about more things than you would think could have got into a child's head.

My story is about Hettie. I only tell you this that you may understand what Hettie, I fancy, did not—

how natural it was for people to notice Ethel, for her own sake, whatever she happened to wear. It is true she had a pretty blue frock the summer before this I am telling you of. She was the youngest girl, not more than five or six years old; and our mother did not mind her wearing bright colours, but she liked to see the elder girls in something less noticeable, and we had all worn most sober greys and neutral tints. Not that our mother was unreasonable, or objected to a coloured trimming or a pretty bow, if it "became us;" but that our dress should become our age, and station, and requirements, was her aim. "Whose adorning," she used to say, when some undue vanity showed itself in any of us, "let it not be the putting on of apparel, my child; that adorning is of little worth."

But Hettie looked and longed. It was pleasant to be greeted with admiring smiles, as Ethel was, and to hear folk say, "What a lovely child!" I don't know if Ethel heard it ever. If she did, she would take it quite as a matter of course, as if one had said, "How warm the sun is!" or, "What a bright blue flower!"

Hettie was twelve—old enough, she thought, to have an opinion of her own; and she was apt to express her opinion more strongly than wisely.

"I hate these ugly greys and browns that mamma is always buying," she said one morning, as she fastened the despised dress. "Why can't we have pretty tasty things, like other girls do? Oh! if I might choose the new dresses this spring, you'd see something really pretty!"

"I dare say you would get pretty things," said Louisa; "but how about the parse-strings? Would you know when to draw them? Mamma does not find it easy to manage for us all."

"Oh, you silly Loo! As if pretty colours cost any more than ugly ones!" and Hettie went on till the gentle Louisa was half convinced by her eager, confident talk.

She was delighted to find that very day an oppor-

unity for Hettie to have her desire. Aunt Esther came in to see mamma, and presently remarked on the rather dingy state of Hettie's dress.

"Yes," said our mother, "it is high time to see about the making-up of summer dresses for them all, but I have not felt equal any day lately for a shopping expedition. It would be a comfort if you could undertake the business."

Aunt Esther, who had the reputation of being a capital hand at a bargain, readily consented, and proposed that Louisa and Fanny should go with her. Louisa, always anxious to give pleasure, begged that Hettie might go instead; and running up-stairs, found her poring over her French grammar, in the wide seat of the schoolroom window.

"Oh, Hettie! I'm so glad! You are to go with Aunt Esther to buy our new dresses. Make haste, and get ready."

Down went the French grammar on to the floor, and Hettie was half-way to her room before she remembered Louisa's kind sympathy, or thought of thanking her. Hastily the hat was tied on, and her arms twisted into the jacket, while her eager fingers pushed their way through a weak place in the glove.

"Oh dear! how tiresome! But there's no time to mend it now. It'll not show if I keep my hand doubled up so." And she rushed down to the dining-room, where Aunt Esther was listening to directions about quantity, and sundry little items to be purchased.

The shop windows looked bright and pleasant with the fresh spring goods, cunningly arranged to catch the attention of the passers-by. Hettie's course was somewhat erratic, as she continually darted away from Aunt Esther's side, for a nearer view of some article that had caught her fancy.

"Oh auntie! what a beautiful bonnet! that with the purple ribbon. And there's a hat with primroses and ivy leaves all over it. Isn't it just as if they were gathered? How I should love a hat like that! And, oh! do stop just a minute. Did you ever see such a pretty stuff as that with the roses? I don't believe there will be anything so nice at Pridell's."

"Rather too much like chintz, my dear. Besides, your mamma always deals at Pridell's, so we had better make haste on, and get our business done."

Hettie subsided into something like decorum at this business-like tone, and set herself seriously to consider the grave matter before her.

"Now, which is really the prettiest of all colours, do you think? Rose or violet? or perhaps green? So many beautiful things are green. Blue is as good as any, I think, but pink is less common, and amber is very rich. Still, after all, perhaps green is the colour one gets least tired of."

So Hettie talked, scarcely listening for an answer, till they reached Pridell's, where a brisk sort of

young man waited on them, and soon had a dozen pieces unrolled for their inspection.

"What can I show you, ladies? Dresses? We have a large assortment of new materials just in. Now, here is a sweet thing—quite charming. Too light, you think? Then this is the very thing; this is warmer, and yet so summerly in colour. Not just what you want? For young ladies, I think you said? I have a most stylish thing here; I am sure it will delight you; so uncommon; a kind of shot, you see. Lady Bett has bought two dress-lengths of it this morning. Something plainer? Certainly, madam. Here is a stripe, quite unexceptionable, you see—blue on a drab ground. You would not see a more elegant piece in Bond Street. Or this, with spots of gold—"

Aunt Esther was losing patience as well as time, and at last succeeded in making the man understand that she wanted a sensible good wearing material without a pattern, and that she must be left to herself to judge what was fitting.

After a little discussing of prices and comparing of qualities, a soft fawn-coloured grenadine was decided on. Hettie did not seem half satisfied. Her eye wandered to the heap of rejected pieces that still lay at the further end of the counter, and she tried once and again to draw her aunt's attention to some roll that had especially captivated her.

The monotonous folds of fawn colour fell one upon another as the man measured out the piece. It was short by a dress-length of the quantity required.

Aunt Esther looked disappointed. Not so Hettie. "What is to be done?" said Fanny. Aunt Esther asked if it were not possible to match the piece. The man made many difficulties, and Hettie pulling her aunt's sleeve, broke in eagerly, "It does not matter really, aunt. I should not mind having a different colour. It would indeed be better, for we are so many to be dressed alike. Papa said once that it was formidable to see such a regiment marching before him, and we do look almost like a charity school when we all go out together."

"There is something in that," answered Aunt Esther, laughing. "I do not know that your mamma would mind, only we must not choose anything more expensive."

"Oh no! of course not, auntie. That pretty shot piece was just the same price as the grenadine."

Finally it was decided on, for Aunt Esther had several other purchases to make, and time was going fast. Perhaps she did not give her best consideration to the matter.

When the parcel arrived that afternoon, mamma opened her eyes in some astonishment at sight of the pink and green dress; but on hearing Aunt Esther's explanation, merely observed, "It is rather gay for Hettie. I hope she will not tire of it too soon."

(To be continued.)

## THE MUSIC OF THE SEA.

USH! 'tis the distant Ocean  
Breathing its evening hymn,  
Mingled in pure devotion  
With that of the cherubim!

Its temple, the God-built heaven;  
Its altar, the endless shore;  
Its lamps, the bright stars of even;  
Its organ, the caverns' roar.

On the balmy night-wind stealing,  
Now it is fainter borne—  
As visions of Hope's revealing  
Fade like the mists of morn.

Oh! how the soul is ravished  
Even by earthly strains!  
Of the joys in Eden lavished  
The sweetest—song—remains.

And sweeter than all the chorus  
Of human voices blent,  
Whisper the breezes o'er us  
On kindly missions sent.

Some from the fields of Enna,\*  
Bearing a perfume thence  
To the coasts of proud Ravenna,  
To queenly Venice hence.

Some from the fountains playing  
In Eastern halls of love;  
In the vales of bloom delaying,  
Wooded by each shady grove.

Some whence the waving prairies  
Sleep 'neath the Andes' crest;  
Or smile the sunned Canaries  
Like babes on their mother's breast.

Thus, when the sighs and sorrows  
Of man are stilled in sleep,  
The voice of Nature borrows  
The whisperings of the deep,

And breezes surge on breezes,  
Like waves of the rolling sea;  
Each, as its spirit pleases,  
Pours its own melody

And they seem first as voices  
In fancy's wanderings heard,  
When the heavenly throng rejoices,  
And the heart of God is stirred!

\* "The plains of Enna are well known for their excellent honey, and, according to Diodorus Siculus, the hounds lost their scent in hunting on account of the many odoriferous plants which perfumed the air."—*Lempriere*: "Sicily."

Louder and louder swelling,  
Songs of air unite  
With the hymns that the waves are telling  
Unto the ear of Night.

And the Moonbeams steal to listen,  
And light on the foam-girt shore,  
Where the waves, as they murmur, glisten,  
Returning evermore.

And for ever thus, for ever,  
The winds and the tuneful sea  
Shall sing, and no storm may sever  
Their mystical harmony! J. T. N.

## "THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

261. During our Lord's sojourn on earth he made himself invisible on four distinct occasions. Mention them.

262. When the promised land was divided to the tribes by lot we read of something peculiar about Simeon's lot. What is it?

263. Two places of the name of "Succoth" are mentioned in the sacred narrative.

264. "If a man come presumptuously upon his neighbour, to slay him with guile; thou shalt take him away from mine altar, that he may die." Give instances where we find this command obeyed.

265. From what passage in the Book of Joshua is it inferred that the writer of it was a participator in the events recorded in the Pentateuch?

266. The goodly price for which our Lord was betrayed was the price of a bondservant. Show this.

267. By what passages in Scripture can it be demonstrated that David was not only a composer of psalms and hymns, but also a maker of musical instruments?

268. On what occasion were Ps. xcvi. and cv. composed?

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 752.

249. Deut. xxix. 23. Four—viz., "Sodom and Gomorrah, Adma and Zeboim."

250. Five—viz., Ashdod (Josh. xiii. 3); Ekron (Josh. xiii. 3); Gaza (Judges i. 18), Askelon (Judges i. 18); Gath (1. Sam. v. 8).

251. Deut. xxxiii. 5. "He was king in Jeshurun, when the heads of the people and the tribes of Israel were gathered together."

252. See Numb. xxi. 14, 27, where we read: "It is said in the book of the wars of the Lord," and "they that speak in proverbs say," &c. &c.

253. Four times. In Deut. xxxiii. 2; Acts vii. 53; Gal. iii. 19, and Heb. ii. 2.